

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

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ADDRESS.

THE object of this Publication, which is devoted entirely to subjects of miscellaneous interest, unconnected with politics, is to supply the lovers of knowledge with an English Weekly Paper, similar in point of size and variety, to *Chambers's, Edinburgh Journal*, but with a character a little more southern and literary. The acuteness and industry of the writers of the *Edinburgh Journal* are understood to have obtained a very large demand for their work; the illustrated information of the *Penny Magazine*, with its admirable wood-cuts, has obtained for it one still more stupendous; and though we may not be able to compete with either of these phenomena, and, indeed, are prepared to be content with a sale of reasonable enormity, yet there still remain gaps in the supplies of public intellect, which its consumers would willingly see filled up; and one of these we propose to accommodate. It may briefly be described as consisting in a want of something more connected with the ornamental part of utility,—with the art of extracting pleasurable ideas from the commonest objects, and the participations of a scholarly experience. In the metropolis there are thousands of improving and enquiring minds, capable of all the elegancies of intellectual enjoyment, who, for want of educations worthy of them, are deprived of a world of pleasures, in which they might have instructed others. We hope to be read by these. In every country town there is always a knot of spirits of this kind, generally young men, who are known, above others, for their love of books, for the liberality of their sentiments, and their desire to be acquainted with all that is going forward in connection with the graces of poetry and the fine arts. We hope to have these for our readers. Finally, almost every village has its cottagers of a similar tendency, who, notwithstanding their inferior opportunities, have caught from stray pieces of poetry and fiction, a sense of what their nature requires, in order to elevate its enjoyments or to console its struggles; and we trust we shall become the friends of these. In a word, (without meaning to disparage our excellent contemporaries, whose plans are of another sort, and have been most triumphantly borne out by success), as the *Edinburgh Journal* gives the world the benefit of its knowledge of business, and the *Penny Magazine* that of its authorities and its pictures, so the *London Journal* proposes to furnish ingenuous minds of all classes, with such helps as it possesses towards a share in the pleasures of taste and scholarship. For, to leave no class unspecified, it is not without the hope of obtaining the good-will of the highest of the well-educated, who love the very talk on such subjects, as they do that of a loving friend, apart from any want of his information, and who have been rendered too wise by their knowledge not to wish well to speculations which tend to do justice to all men, and to accompany the "March of Intellect" with the music of kind thoughts.

It is proposed, as the general plan of the Journal, but not without the power of change or modification, as circumstances may suggest, that it should consist of One Original Paper or Essay every week, from the pen of the Editor; of matter combining entertainment with information, selected by him in the course of his reading, both old and new; of a weekly Abstract of some popular or otherwise interesting book, the spirit of which will be given entire, after the fashion of the excellent abridgments in *Johnstone's Edinburgh Magazine*; and, lastly, of a brief current notice of the Existing State of Poetry, Painting, and Music, and a general sprinkle of Notes, Verses, Miscellaneous Paragraphs, and other helps to pleasant and companionable perusal.

FURTHER REMARKS ON THE DESIGN OF THIS JOURNAL. POOR RICH MEN AND RICH POOR MEN. A WORD OR TWO ON THE PERIODICAL WRITINGS OF THE EDITOR.

PLEASURE is the business of this Journal: we own it: we love to begin it with the word: it is like commencing the day (as we are now commencing it) with sunshine in the room. Pleasure for all who can receive pleasure; consolation and encouragement for the rest: this is our device. But then it is pleasure like that implied by our simile, innocent, kindly, we dare to add, instructive and elevating. Nor shall the gravest aspects of it be wanting. As the sunshine floods the sky and the ocean, and yet nurses the baby buds of the roses on the wall, so we would fain open the largest and the very least sources of pleasure, the noblest that expands above us into the heavens, and the most familiar that catches our glance in the homestead. We would break open the surfaces of habit and indifference, of objects that are supposed to contain nothing but so much brute matter or common-place utility, and show what treasures they conceal. Man has not yet learnt to enjoy the world he lives in; no, not the hundred-thousand-millionth part of it; and we would fain help him to render it productive of still greater joy, and to delight or comfort himself in his task as he proceeds. We would make adversity hopeful, prosperity sympathetic, all kinder, richer, and happier. And we have some right to assist in the endeavour, for there is scarcely a single joy or sorrow within the experience of our fellow-creatures, which we have not tasted; and the belief in the good and beautiful has never forsaken us. It has been medicine to us in sickness, riches in poverty, and the best part of all that ever delighted us in health and success.

There is not a man living perhaps in the present state of society,—certainly not among those who have a surfeit of goods, any more than those who want a sufficiency,—that has not some pain which he would diminish, and some pleasure, or capability of it, that he would increase. We would say to him, let him be sure he can diminish that pain and increase that pleasure. He will find out the secret, by knowing more, and by knowing that there is more to love. "Pleasures lie about our feet." We would extract some for the unthinking rich man out of his very carpet, (though he thinks he has already got as much as it can yield); and for the unthinking or unhoping poor one, out of his bare floor.

"Can you put a loaf on my table?" the poor man may ask. No: but we can shew him how to get it in the best manner, and comfort him while he is getting it. If he can get it not at all, we do not profess to have even the right of being listened to by him. We can only do what we can, as his fellow-creatures, and by other means, towards hastening the termination of so frightful an exception to the common lot.

"Can you rid me of my gout, or my disrelish of all things?" the rich man may ask. No: nor perhaps even diminish it, unless you are a very daring or a very sensible man; and if you are very rich indeed, and old, neither of these predicaments is very likely. Yet we would try. We are inextinguishable friends of endeavour.

If you had the gout, however, and were *Lord Holland*, you would smile and say, "Talk on." You would suspend the book, or the pen, or the kindly thought you were engaged in, and indulgently wait to see what recipes or amusing fancies we could add to your stock.

Nay, if you were a kind of starving Dr. Johnson, who wrote a letter one day to the editor of the magazine to

which he contributed, signing himself "Dinnerless,"* you would listen to us, even without a loaf on your table, and see how far we could bear out the reputation of the Lydians, who are said to have invented play as a resource against hunger. But Dr. Johnson knew he had his remedy in his wits. The wants of the poor in knowledge are not so easily postponed. With deep reverence and sympathy would we be understood as speaking of them. A smile, however closely it may border upon a grave thought, is not to be held a levity in us, any more than sun betwixt rain. One and the same sympathy with all things, fetches it out.

But to all but the famished we should say, with the noble text, "Man does not live by bread alone." "A man," says Bacon, in words not unworthy to go by the side of the others, "is but what he knoweth." "I think" said Descartes; "therefore I am." A man has no proof of his existence but in his consciousness of it, and the return of that consciousness after sleep. He is therefore, in amount of existence, only so much as his consciousness, his thoughts, and his feelings amount to. The more he knows, the more he exists; and the pleasanter his knowledge, the happier his existence. One man, in this sense of things, and it is a sense proved beyond doubt, (except with those merry philosophers of antiquity who doubted their very consciousness, nay, doubted doubt itself), is infinitely little compared with another man. If we could see his mind, we should see a pygmy; and it would be stuck perhaps into a pint of beer, or a scent-bottle, or a bottle of wine; as the monkey stuck Gulliver into the marrow-bone. Another man's mind would shew larger; another larger still; till at length we should see minds of all shapes and sizes, from a microscopic body to that of a giant or a demi-god, or a spirit that filled the visible world. Milton's would be like that of his own archangel. "His stature reached the sky." Shakspeare's would stretch from the midst of us into the regions of "airy nothing," and bring us new creatures of his own making. Bacon's would be lost into the next ages. Many a "great man's" would become invisible; and many a little one suddenly astonish us with the overshadowing of his greatness.

Men sometimes, by the magic of their knowledge, partake of a great many things which they do not possess: others possess much which is lost upon them. It is recorded of an *exquisite*, in one of the admirable exhibitions of Mr. Matthews, that being told, with a grave face, of a mine of silver which had been discovered in one of the London suburbs, he exclaimed, in his jargon, "A mine of *sil-vau*! Good *Gaud*! You don't tell me so! A mine of *sil-vau*! Good *Gaud*! I've often seen the little boys playing about, but I had no idea that there was a mine of *sil-vau*."

This gentleman, whom we are to understand as repeating these words out of pure ignorance and absurdity, and not from any power to receive information, would be in possession, while he was expressing his astonishment at a thing unheard of and ridiculous, of a hundred real things round about him, of which he knew nothing. Shakspeare speaks of a man who was "incapable of his own distress;" that is to say, who had not the feelings of other men, and was insensible to what would have distressed every body else. This *dandy* would be incapable of his own wealth, of his own furniture, of his own health, friends, books, gardens; may, of his very hat and coat, except inasmuch as they contributed to give him one single idea; to wit, that of

* *Impransus*. It might mean simply, that he had not dined; but there is too much reason to believe otherwise. And yet how much good and entertainment did not the very necessities of such a man help to produce us!

his dandyism. From all those stores, small and great, nothing but that solitary and sorry impression would he receive.

Of all which his wealth could procure him, in the shape of a real enjoyment of poetry, paintings, music, sculpture, and the million of ideas which they might produce, he would know nothing.

Of all the countries that produced his furniture, all the trades that helped to make it, all the arts that went to adorn it, all the materials of which it was composed, and the innumerable images of men, lands, faculties, substances, elements, and interesting phenomena of all sorts to which the knowledge might give rise, he would know nothing.

Of his books he would know nothing, except that they were bound, and that they cost a great deal.

Of his gardens he would know nothing, except that they were "tedious," and that he occasionally had a pink out of them to put in his button-hole—provided it was the fashion. Otherwise pinks are "vulgar." Nature's and God's fashion is nothing.

Of his hat and his coat it might be thought he must know something; but he would not, except as far as we have stated;—unless, indeed, his faculties might possibly attain to the knowledge of a "fit" or a "set," and then he would not know it with a grace. The knowledge of a good thing, even in the least matters, is not for a person so poorly educated—so worse than left to grow up in an ignorance unsophisticate. Of the creatures that furnished the materials of his hat and coat,—the curious, handicraft beaver, the spinner silkworm, the sheep in the meadows (except as mutton), nothing would he know, or care, or receive the least pleasurable thought from. In the mind that constitutes his man—in the amount of his existence—terribly vacant are the regions—bald places in the map—deserts without even the excitement of a storm. Nothing lives there but himself—a suit of clothes in a solitude—emptiness in emptiness.

Contrast a being of this fashion (after all allowance for caricature) with one who has none of his deformities, but with a stock of ideas such as the other wants. Suppose him poor, even struggling, but not unhappy; or if not without unhappiness, yet not without relief, and unacquainted with the desperation of the other's ennui. Such a man, when he wants recreation for his thoughts, can make them flow from all the objects, or the ideas of those objects, which furnish nothing to the other. The commonest goods and chattels are pregnant to him as fairy tales, or things in a pantomime. His hat, like Fortunatus's Wishing Cap, carries him into the American solitudes among the beavers, where he sits in thought, looking at them during their work, and hearing the majestic whispers in the trees, or the falls of the old trunks that are everlastingly breaking the silence in those wildernesses. His coat shall carry him, in ten minutes, through all the scenes of pastoral life and mechanical, the quiet fields, the sheep-shearing, the feasting, the love-making, the downs of Dorsetshire and the streets of Birmingham, where if he meet with pain in his sympathy, he also, in his knowledge, finds reason for hope and encouragement, and for giving his manly assistance to the common good. The very tooth-pick of the dandy, should this man, or any man like him meet with it, poor or rich, shall suggest to him, if he pleases, a hundred agreeable thoughts of foreign lands, and elegance and amusement,—of tortoises and books of travels, and the comb in his mistress's hair, and the elephants that carry sultans, and the real silver mines of Potosi, with all the wonders of South American history, and the starry cross in its sky; so that the smallest key shall pick the lock of the greatest treasures; and that which in the hands of the possessor was only a poor instrument of affectation, and the very emblem of indifference and stupidity, shall open to the knowing man a universe.

We must not pursue the subject further this week, or trust our eyes at the smallest objects around us, which, from long and loving contemplation, have enabled us to report their riches. We have been at this work now, off and on, man and boy, (for we began essay-writing while in our teens,) for upwards of thirty years; and excepting mat, we would fain have done far more, and that experience and suffering have long restored to us the natural kindness of boyhood, and put an end to a belief in the right or utility of severer views of any thing or person, we feel the same as we have done throughout; and we have

the same hope, the same love, the same faith in the beauty and goodness of nature and all her prospects, in space and in time; we could almost add, if a sprinkle of white hairs in our black would allow us, the same youth; for whatever may be thought of a consciousness to that effect, the feeling is so real, and trouble of no-ordinary kind has so remarkably spared the elasticity of our spirits, that we are often startled to think how old we have become, compared with the little of age that is in our disposition: and we mention this to bespeak the reader's faith in what we shall write hereafter, if he is not acquainted with us already. If he is, he will no more doubt us than the children do at our fire-side. We have had so much sorrow, and yet are capable of so much joy, and receive pleasure from so many familiar objects, that we sometimes think we should have had an unfair portion of happiness, if our life had not been one of more than ordinary trial.

The reader will not be troubled in future with personal intimations of this kind: but in commencing a new work of the present nature, and having been persuaded to put our name at the top of it, (for which we beg his kindest constructions, as a point conceded by a sense of what was best for others,) it will be thought, we trust, not unfitting in us to have alluded to them. We believe we may call ourselves the father of the present penny and three half-penny literature,—designations, once distressing to "earns polite," but now no longer so, since they are producing so many valuable results, fortunes included. The first number of the new popular review, the *Printing Machine*, in an article for the kindness and cordiality of which we take this our best opportunity of expressing our gratitude, and can only wish we could turn these sentences into so many grips of the hand to show our sense of it,—did us the honour of noticing the *Indicator* as the first successful attempt (in one respect) to revive something like the periodical literature of former days. We followed this with the *Companion*, lately republished in connexion with the *Indicator*; and a few years ago, in a fit of anxiety at not being able to meet some obligations, and fearing we were going to be cut off from life itself without leaving answers to still graver wants, we set up a half-reviewing, half-theatrical periodical, under the name of the *Tatler* (a liberty taken by love), in the hope of being able to realize some sudden as well as lasting profits! So little, with all our zeal for the public welfare, had we found out what was so well discerned by Mr. Knight and others, when they responded to the intellectual wants of the many. However, we pleased some readers, whom it is a kind of prosperity even to rank as such: we conciliated the good-will of others, by showing that an ardent politician might still be a man of no ill-temper, nor without good-will to all; and now, once more setting up a periodical work, entirely without politics, but better calculated, we trust, than our former ones to meet the wishes of many as well as few, we are in hearty good earnest, the public's very sincere and cordial friend and servant,

LEIGH HUNT.

FIRST WEEK IN APRIL.

The Swallow—the Cuckoo—the Nightingale. Letter from Mr. Fox to Lord Grey, giving his opinion of the Song of the Nightingale.

So extraordinary has been the winter, and full of all vernal anticipation, that it is impossible to expect, as a matter of course, any of the usual coincidences of the season. In the first week of April, swallows may generally be looked for in the south of England, and the Cuckoo and Nightingale may be heard; but we are not sure, that before this paragraph be read, they will not have become guests of long standing. At all events, we are not so likely, as in some seasons, to be too early for them with our notice. The horse-chestnut is already leafing: the fruit-trees have blossomed; flies have been in the houses the whole winter; cowslips, we suppose, have thickened the beauteous carpets of the meadows; the sun is warm on the back of the pedestrian. Everything, therefore, by day, is ready for the swallow and the cuckoo; and, as to the nightingale, if the nights are still cool, that is no objection with him. His glowing nature seems to love a little cold round about him; from the midst of which his serenade rises with the intenser and therefore the graver joy.

So many quotations have been made in the periodical works from the pages of White of Selborne and others,

that we reckon it a piece of good fortune to be able to commence our extracts on these subjects with passages out of a new author, who has a real genius for them. The following notices of the swallows are from the work just published, entitled *The Feathered Tribe of Britain*, written by Mr. Mudie, an original and earnest observer, whom Nature, as is customary with her, has rewarded for his genuine passion, by making it eloquent. Mr. Mudie's pen is one of the most *alive* we ever met with. The birds rustle, and dart, and sing, and rend in his pages; and the eagle strains his prey with a truly sovereign foot. The passages here quoted, though very good, are by no means among his best. The reader may, therefore, judge how excellent the latter must be.

"Swallows perform their principal moult in warmer countries about the month of February, appear in plumage in the north of England about the first of April, and proceed northward, colouring as they fly, along all the places that are adapted to their habits, till about the end of the month they appear in the extreme north of the country.

"Swallows are delightful little creatures, not only as they come from a far country, the harbinger of the blooming season; but on account of their industry, the celerity of their motions, and the perfect confidence in which they carry on all their operations.

"The most lovely scenes would lose much of their summer interest, if it were not for the presence and lively motions of the swallow. The banks of rivers and the margins of small lakes, are at all times delightful places for quiet contemplation, and for agreeable walks, when the sultry day draws near to a close, or on those still and transparent days which immediately precede rain. But there is an excess of repose about them which would soon become monotonous and heavy, except for the evolutions of the swallows, now shooting into mid air, now skimming the surface of the water, and sipping or laving its plumage, as it speeds along, alternately with darting wing and with dart-like glide. Then, when we think of the myriads of gnats and flies which the teeming waters are constantly giving to the air, to sport (and sting) for their few hours, deposit their eggs, and die, making the shores and shallows, which are inaccessible even by the minnow, rank with their innumerable carcasses, we feel how much the swallow contributes to keep sweet and clean those waters over which it glides, quaffing or bathing the while. The air too, is so still, that we hear the repeated strokes of its bill as it captures those insects which, to our sight, are viewless.

"The Swift is the garrett of nature; not that it inhabits the highest grounds (for the very altitude of its place presupposes productiveness in its locality), but where it is found, it spends its time and finds its food above every other creature. Its place of habitation corresponds; for the highest crevices in steeples, towers, and jutting rocks that rise to a considerable altitude, amid fertile places, are the habitations of the swift, and its instinct leads it to adapt the structure of its nest to the elements.

"In dry weather the swifts hawk only towards morning and evening, flying lower down than when the air is different, and occasionally skimming the surface of the pools, and sipping and laving themselves as they dash along. At these times too, they are sportless and silent, and if the drought is of longer continuance, they seem fatigued; but when the upper air relents, they fly high, appear all day on the wing, accumulate in unnumbered numbers, gliding, dashing, wheeling, playing numerous antics, screeching to each other, and apparently acquiring more energy the longer they are on the wing. These sportive dashings in the upper air become more numerous and energetic as the time of their departure approaches, as then their care of their broods has ceased, and they have only their own food to find each for itself. The solstitial showers generally give them a farewell feast; and at that time they may be seen on the wing for sixteen hours in the day without once alighting to rest. Their sight has, by experiment, been found to be so very acute, that from a distance of 400 feet, they can discern an object not more than half an inch in diameter, and how much less than that is known. The same motive of exertion which they often perform in this country without any apparent rest, would suffice to carry them across the widest sea or desert that is in their way, or even from England to Africa in the course of one flight."

Almost every body is now intimate with certain poetical passages about the cuckoo, and with Mr. Wordsworth's beautiful expression, "a wandering voice," so characteristic of what every body has felt who has heard this mysterious bird, now here and now there in the hedges, playing his hiding flute. In our wish therefore not to repeat what has been said so often, and not to hunt for new poetical passages where they do not happen to present themselves at once to the memory, we shall give another extract from Mr. Mudie's book:—

"Why the people of Scotland should have chosen their name for the cuckoo (*gouk*) as a synonyme for a fool, it is not easy to say, for there is more cunning about the

cuckoo than about most birds, though its history, notwithstanding all that has been seen and imagined, and printed, and spoken, about it, is still as obscure as it is singular.

"Every body has heard the note of the cuckoo, or the imitation of it by a Dutch clock, though domesticated in the most birdless part of the city; and in the summer, it is difficult to be in any part of the country without hearing the cuckoo, and even seeing the bird as it flies hurriedly, and to all appearance heavily, from one tree to another, with generally a few of the smaller birds in its train.

The bird has something the air of the hawk, but none of the powers, and it does not seem to have much of the disposition. Its food is insects and their larvae, especially the larvae or caterpillars of the lepidoptera; and, as many of these are highly injurious to trees, it is probable that the cuckoo is of great service, as it is with us at the very seasons when, if not thinned, these caterpillars would commit their depredations. It beats for its food in the trees, and it is probable that its peculiar feet, its long wings and great tail, and its soft plumage, enable it to hunt among the leaves, especially on the under sides of them, in places which the smaller insect-hunting birds cannot reach.

"Considering the general distribution and the numbers of cuckoos, the eggs and young have been very seldom seen, probably not one to a million of the birds. When found, it has always been in the nests of other birds, at least in all those of the recorded instances that are received as properly authenticated; and little birds, pipets and others, have been observed most industriously feeding cuckoos, after these had acquired their young or hair-brown plumage, and could fly. But before the habit can be considered as general, there must be numbers of young observed, bearing some nearer proportion to the abundance of the old birds, than have yet been found, although the cases that are recorded appear to be too many to be considered accidental; and the accident, too, is of a kind that rarely happens in the case of any other wild birds—that is, birds in a state of nature. The disproof of the old theory, that the bones of the under part of the female cuckoo were such that it could not hatch, throws at least a doubt on the universality of the habit, which would demand some additional proof on the other side, more than three or four isolated cases in the season; and that is, perhaps, nearly the usual number of young cuckoos that are seen in the nest.

"Still, we may safely conclude that the absolvment of the cuckoo from nest-building and rearing young, which are the severest labours of other birds, is meant to answer, and does answer, some very important purpose in the economy of nature; and that purpose can be accomplished only by employing in some other way that portion of time in the cuckoo, which, in other birds, is devoted to nidification and nursing. That is the grand point to be ascertained: it can be ascertained only by observation of the most careful nature; and till it is ascertained, the history of the cuckoo, unquestionably the most curious bird that visits the island, must remain imperfect and mysterious; as such, we shall not enter further upon it. Conjectures, in any quantity, may be had in the books."

On the subject of the nightingale we think we cannot please the reader better just now, than with giving a letter written by Mr Fox to the present minister, Lord Grey. It is the more agreeable, inasmuch as it lets us into the privacies of these public men, and shews us how like they are to other men, and to very amiable ones too. The conclusion is particularly pleasant. Mr. Fox was, indeed, a man of such a genial nature, that there is reason to believe that his ascendancy over his friends and his disciples was quite as much owing to it, as to his sense and eloquence; and reasonably; for as social happiness, the kindly intercourse between man and man, is the only end of all politics and statistics, however deep, a man like this exhibits the means and the end together in his own instance, and so leaves no sort of convincing omitted.—But to the letter.

"DEAR GREY,

"In defence of my opinion about the Nightingale, I find that Chaucer, who of all poets seems to have been the fondest of the singing of birds, calls it a *merry* note; and though Theocritus mentions nightingales six or seven times, he never mentions their note as plaintive or melancholy. It is true, he does not any where call it *merry*, as Chaucer does, but by mentioning it with the song of the blackbird, and as answering it, he seems to imply that it was a cheerful note. Sophocles is against us; but even he says, lamenting Itys, and the comparison of her to Electra is rather as to perseverance by day and by night, than as to sorrow. At all events, a tragic poet is not half so good authority in this question as Theocritus and Chaucer. I cannot light upon the passage in the *Odyssey* where Penelope's restlessness is compared to the nightingale; but I am sure that it is only as to restlessness and watchfulness that he makes the comparison. If you will read the last twelve books of the *Odyssey*, you will certainly find it, and I am sure you will be paid for your treat whether you find it or not. The passage in Chaucer is in the *Flower and Leaf*, p. 99.

The one I particularly allude to in Theocritus, is in his Epigrams, I think in the fourth. Dryden has transferred the word *merry* to the goldfinch, in the *Flower and the Leaf*, in deference, may be, to the vulgar error; but pray read his description of the nightingale there—it is quite delightful. I am afraid that I like these researches as much better than those that relate to Shaftesbury, Sunderland, &c., as I do those better than attending the House of Commons.

"Your's affectionately,
C. J. Fox."

How pleasant it is to be enjoying this good-natured statesman's company, long after his death!

As to the question, however, respecting the mirth or melancholy of the nightingale, which he has here somewhat hastily discussed, and which of late years is supposed to have been settled in favour of the gayer side by some fine lines of Mr. Coleridge, it surely resolves itself into a simple matter of association of ideas, and those modified by the hour at which the nightingale is chiefly heard. The word *merry*, in Chaucer's time, as quoted by Mr. Fox, had not the specific meaning here implied by it, but signified something alive and vigorous *after its kind*; as in the instance of "merry men," in the old ballads, and "merry England," which did not mean a nation or set of men always laughing and enjoying themselves, but in good hearty condition; a state of manhood befitting men. This point is determined beyond a doubt by Chaucer's application of the word to the organ, as the "merry organ,"—meaning the *church organ*, which, surely, however noble and organic, is not merry in the modern sense of the word.

The whole matter we conceive to be this. The notes of the nightingale, generally speaking, are not melancholy in themselves, but melancholy from an association with night-time, and the grave reflexions which the hour naturally produces. They may be said to be melancholy also in the finer sense of the word (such as Milton uses it in his *Pensiero*), inasmuch as they express the utmost intensity of vocal beauty and delight; for the last excessive feelings of delight are always grave. Levity does not do them honour enough, nor sufficiently acknowledge the appeal they make to that finiteness of our nature which they force unconsciously upon a sense of itself, and upon a secret feeling of our capacities of happiness compared with the brevity of it.

Are not the birth-days of eminent men, and all other anniversaries, previous to the alteration of the old style, marked wrong in the calendars? We fear so. At all events, till we are shewn to be wrong in the opinion, we must act upon it in what we have to date and to state on these points, and, accordingly (to begin with a pleasant name), instead of making Ovid to have been born on the 20th of March, we put his nativity twelve days forward, and make a welcome gift of him to

April 1st.—Ovid born. So that the April Fools have not all the days to themselves. His birth dates forty-three years before the Christian era at Salmo, now Salerno in the modern Neapolitan territory of Abruzzo. He was the son of a Roman knight, had an easy fortune, and (to use a modern phrase) was one of the gayest and most popular *men about town* in Rome for nearly thirty years; till, owing to some mysterious offence given to the court of Augustus, which still forms one of the puzzles of biography, he was suddenly torn from house and home, without the least previous intimation, and in the middle of the night, and sent to a remote and wintry place of exile on the banks of the Danube. Ovid was a good-natured man, tall and slender, with more affections than the levity of his poetical gallantry might lead us to suppose. His gallantries are worth little, and have little effect; but his Metamorphoses are a store-house of beautiful Greek pictures, and tend to keep alive in grown people the feelings of their boyhood.

A health to Ovid, readers of the London Journal: for immortal men never die. We must speak of them as they still exist among us, and not of their memories.

NEWS FOR THE UTILITARIANS.

MR. BENTHAM'S TESTIMONY TO THE PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION, AND THE DUTY OF CULTIVATING AGREEABLE THOUGHTS.

We have been favoured with a copy of Mr. Bentham's posthumous and unpublished work on *Deontology*, which has been excellently well put together by Dr. Bowring from the manuscripts of his illustrious friend. In a popular point of view, it will be by far the most interesting of the great jurist's productions, being his guide to

the virtues and amiabilities of private life, and freed by his pupil from that *word-compounding, every-thing-stating, and all-possible-objection-anticipating* style, which, though highly desirable for the deeper student as omitting nothing which passed through his mind, was not so well calculated to recommend his book to the general reader. It does not appear to us that Mr. Bentham always makes out his case when stating the grounds of some parts of his philosophy, and the extreme easiness of their practice. He makes too little allowance, we think, for natural impulses; assumes too much necessity for individual reasoning, where the improvement ought to result from the progress of government; and is too apt to take for granted that the reasoning would be conducted in a dispassionate manner. This is the more striking, inasmuch as he himself in this very book, just and amiable as it is, is strongly and strangely moved against a philosopher so remote as *Plato*; who even makes him forget himself so far, as to regret that there is no *Index Expurgatorius*—no list of forbidden books—prohibiting the perusal of certain philosophies! The world, however, will not love the Prince of Utilitarians the less for exhibiting these sallies of emotion; and they will love very much indeed, and be agreeably surprised, at the delightful, amiable doctrines laid down for their conduct in private life, and the advantage of general intercourse. From these we shall extract some excellent passages next week. Meanwhile, we present our readers with something which will still more surprise most of the philosopher's enemies, and not a few, perhaps, of his friends; namely, an enthusiastic testimony borne to the utility of *imagination*, and to the desirableness of cultivating what we have been writing about in our first paper.

"In the pursuit of pleasurable thoughts (exclaims Mr. Bentham) what infinite regions are open to the explorer! The world is all before him; and not this world only, but all the worlds which roll in the unmeasured tracts of space, or the measureless heights and depths of imagination. The past, the present, the future—all that has been, all that is of great and good, of beautiful and harmonious—and all that may be. Why should not the high intellects of days that are gone be summoned into the presence of the inquirer; and dialogues between, or with, the illustrious dead be fancied, on all the points on which they would have enjoyed to discourse, had their mortal existence stretched into the days that are? Take any part of the field of knowledge in its present state of cultivation, and summon into it the sages of former times; place Milton, with his high-toned and sublime philanthropy, amidst the events which are bringing about the emancipation of nations; Imagine Galileo holding intercourse with Laplace; bring Bacon—either the Friar or the Chancellor, or both—into the laboratory of any eminent modern chemist, listening to the wonderful development, the pregnant result of the great philosophical mandate—'Experimental.' Every man pursuing his own private tendencies, has thus a plastic gift of happiness, which will become stronger by use, and which exercise will make less and less exhaustible all the combinations of sense with matter, the far-stretching theories of genius, the flight of thought through eternity—what should prevent such exercises of the mind's creative will? How interesting are those speculations which convey men beyond the region of earth into more intellectual and exalted spheres. Where creatures endowed with capacities far more expansive, with senses far more exquisite than observation had ever offered to human knowledge, are brought into the regions of thought. How attractive and instructive are even some of the Utopian fancies of imaginative and benevolent philosophy! Regulated and controlled by the utilitarian principle, imagination becomes a source of boundless blessings."

"In all cases where the power of the will can be exercised over the thoughts, let those thoughts be directed towards happiness. Look out for the bright, for the brightest side of things, and keep your face constantly turned to it. If exceptions there are, those exceptions are but few, and sanctioned only by the consideration that a less favourable view may, in its results, produce a larger sum of enjoyment on the whole; as where, for example, an increased estimate of difficulty, or danger, might be needful to call up a greater exertion for the getting rid of a present annoyance. When the mind, however, reposes upon its own complacencies, and looks around itself for search of food for thought—when it seeks rest from laborious occupation, or is forced upon inaction by the pressure of adjacent circumstances, let all its ideas be made to spring up in the realms of pleasure, as far as the will can act upon the production.

"A large part of existence is necessarily passed in inaction. By day (to take an instance from the thousand in constant recurrence), when in attendance on others, and time is lost by being kept waiting; by night, when sleep is unwilling to close the eyelids—the economy of happiness recommends the occupations of pleasurable thought. In walking abroad, or in resting

at home, the mind cannot be vacant; its thoughts may be useful, useless, or pernicious to happiness; direct them aright; the habit of happy thought will spring up like any other habit.

"Let the mind seek to occupy itself by the solution of questions upon which a large sum of happiness or misery depends. The machine, for example, that abridges labour will, by the very improvement and economy it introduces, produce a quantity of suffering. How shall that suffering be minimized? Here is a topic for benevolent thought to engage in. Under the pressure of the immediate demands of the poor, Sully is said to have engaged them in raising huge and useless mounds in his garden. Others have been found to propose the digging holes and filling them again, as meet employment for industry when ordinary labour fails. But what a fertile field for generous consideration is that, which seeks to provide the clear accession to the national stock of riches and happiness which all real improvements bring with them, at the least possible cost of pain; to secure the permanent good at the smallest and least enduring inconvenience; to make the blessings that are to be diffused among the many, fall as lightly as possible in the shape of evil on the few! Perhaps when the inevitable misery is really reduced to the smallest amount, by the attentions of the intelligent and benevolent, the transition will become, in most instances, neither perilous, as it has often been made by riotous violence towards those who introduce it, nor alarming to those whose labour may be temporarily shifted by its introduction."

"It frequently happens, when our own mind is unable to furnish ideas of pleasure with which to drive out the impressions of pain, these ideas may be found in the writings of others, and those writings will probably have a more potent interest when utterance is given to them. To a mind rich in the stores of literature and philosophy, some thought appropriate to the calming of sorrow, or the brightening of joy, will scarcely fail to present itself, clothed in the attractive language of some favourite writer; and when emphatic expression is given to it, its power may be considerably increased. Poetry often lends itself to this benignant purpose; and where sound and sense, truth and harmony, benevolence and eloquence are allied, happy indeed are their influences."

THE LONDON JOURNAL,

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1834.

THE best things going forward in the poetical world are the play of the *Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, (not one of the author's best, but Knowles, as Ben Jonson said of Cartwright, "writs all like a man,") and the editions, in monthly volumes, of the works of *Burns* and *Crabbe*. Our living poets just now, with the exception of Mr. Knowles, are as silent as birds in August. One of them, a warbler partaking of the mocking tribe, may be heard at intervals in the *Times*, imitating grave speeches with which we have nothing to do in these columns. Intimations, however, are given of something new from Miss Landon, who (to keep up our metaphor) is the very dove of the modern Castaly, giving out such a perpetual note of luxurious melancholy, that we know not whether to call it sorrow or love. And Elliot, in the magazines, occasionally beats against the iron bars of restriction, and utters his indignant cry. The best poetry we have seen a long time is the prose of Professor Wilson's commentaries on Homer and the Greek Anthology, in *Blackwood's Magazine*. And this reminds us that there is a new poetess who writes in that magazine, and whom, in our ignorance perhaps of many of its former numbers, we never heard of till lately—Miss Hamilton. We know not who she is, except that she is one whom everybody ought to know. Her Muse is a kind of younger and less stately sister of Mrs. Hemans, with less command of images, and yet, we should guess, with a more universal sympathy.

It has been well observed by somebody, that Burns was not so uneducated a man as is supposed. He had books, and some good teaching, and was acquainted, at an early period, with some of the best writers. We notice the circumstance chiefly in order to observe, that the intelligent part of what are called the uneducated are apt to be better instructed than is supposed, and that many a workman and peasant would surprize people, if they talked with him, with the amount of his

acquired knowledge, and his habits of reflection. Many years ago a celebrated public speaker, now living, told us that he made a point of talking his best, to whatever multitude were assembled; finding by experience that the emotion and interest of the hearers always found an understanding in themselves equal to the highest things he could say. And since the lapse of that period, how have not the means of knowledge increased with the cheapness of literature! About mid-way betwixt this time and that, we heard a common working-man, as he walked along a country road, say more sensible, *superior*, and charitable things concerning a hare-hunt that was going on before him, than would have entered into the heads of the best educated men in his village fifty years ago, or perhaps enters into them now; not, of course, for want of equal natural faculties, but because his class have discovered that it is their interest to know as much as they can; while, on the other hand, the richest people are not always equally alive to the necessity of being in advance of that knowledge.

In consequence of the universal reading of cheap literature, Burns, perhaps does not require a glossary for his finest English words with any of those among the working classes in this country, who are respected among each other for their intelligence; and when the Scottish poet wrote English only, he sometimes affected words fine enough. It was the only evidence of a defective education betrayed by his style.

The reader will see in another place our opinion of Mr. Mudie's *Feathered Tribes of England*, and Mrs. Leaman Grimstone's novel of *Cleone*. The new *Review for the many*, entitled the *Printing Machine*, full of sterling sense and acuteness, and admirably adapted to its purpose, requires no recommendation of ours. Mr. D'Israeli's second volume of his ninth edition of the *Curiosities of Literature* was published yesterday, and is still more entertaining than the first. Every body that can get it, should read the *Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau*, by an Old Man, for its sense, spirit, and humanity. But they say it is by Sir Francis Head, who scampered across the Pampas; and how can he be an old man? We cannot conceive of him in any such light. He must be riding and scampering still somewhere, and if he is not, must surely remain as young in his age as Lord Peterborough, who was the greatest poster of his time in Europe, and famous for his vivacity at seventy. Besides, they say that Sir Francis is not old: why then, should he call himself so? Is it his only affection, and does he do it, like other middle aged seniors, only to make people protest against the epithet, and exclaim, "You old!"

The friends of the gentleman so long and so agreeably known to the circles of taste and literature by the title of "Conversation Sharp," (we believe the name is to be, and can be, no secret with the public) will be glad to find that a collection of his *Letters and Essays in Prose and Verse* has appeared. It has this moment been put into our hands. At the second page we meet with the following pleasant foretaste of the rest:—

"Utinam et verba in usu quotidiano posita minus timeremus."

"He that would write well," says Roger Ascham, must follow the advice of Aristotle, speak as the common people speak, and think as the wise think."

"In support of this opinion many of the examples cited by you are amusing as well as convincing. The following from a great author may be added—

"Is there a God to swear by, and is there none to believe in, none to trust to?"

"What becomes of the force and simplicity of this short sentence, when turned into the clumsy English which schoolmasters indite, and which little boys can construe? 'Is there a God by whom to swear, and is there none in whom to believe, none to whom to pray?'

The whole of the volume is very sensible and elegant, and bears out the author's colloquial reputation.

Some of the letters, we should think, will get into the collections.

The First Book of a "Revolutionary Epic," or as he designates it, "The Revolutionary Epic," has been published by Mr. D'Israeli, Junr. He says he conceived the idea of it on the "plains of Troy," and that the old opinion of a connexion between Epic poems and the spirit of their age, flashed across his mind "like the lightning which was then playing over Ida." There is more of the same magnificence of announcement, but it is suddenly checked by suggestions of modesty; and the author concludes his preface with humbly asking the public whether he shall proceed or not. It appears to us, from what we have seen of his poem, and of another work of his which we have lately read through, "The Psychological Romance," that Mr. D'Israeli has feeling, reflection, and imagination, the last in abundance but not of the subtlest or most poetical order; and that he too often takes splendid common-places, and the conclusions of other men's philosophy, for inventions of his own. His talents have gold in them, but mixed with alloy too obvious for currency, and are coarse in their "image and superscription." There is a sort of Oriental flare about him, which, with a little less thinking of his own glorification, and more of the inner man, would probably subside into a steady and shining light.

Landscape and portraiture of a mediocre rate do not constitute an interesting collection for exhibition, and Suffolk Street has not much else to boast of this year. Not that there is an absolute destitution of talent, but what there is lies chiefly among the young and unfinished, and what there is of mastery is mostly second or third rate. Still there are a few pictures worth seeing Hancock's "Old Squire," pleased us more than any of his that we have seen. Inskip has some striking pictures. The last of his name is very pretty. Childe has many exceedingly good. The effect of night with the deep rich tone, in the moonlight picture, 353, could not be better. The Moorish Tower is a very lively painting, and also the splendid *Interior of a Church*, by D. Roberts. Holines's pictures are not his best; but they are clever as usual. Lance shews us some tempting fruit. His Lady and Gentleman, are not quite so happy Barrett also, and Allen, assist in brightening the walls. 676. Flowers, by V. Bartholomew, are amazing for their brilliancy. We must also mention an exceedingly clever picture by W. Derby, facetiously called Turkey in Europe, being a dead turkey and other articles in still life, admirably painted. This picture perhaps struck us more than any in the place, from its great reality. We trust that we shall not be thought availing ourselves of an undue opportunity, in stating that Mr. Lawrence, a young artist who promises to do honour to his name, has an excellent likeness of one of the daughters of the Editor of this Journal.

Mr. Huggins, upon his appointment as Marine Painter to the King, had a commission for three pictures commemorative of the battle of Trafalgar; and two of these pictures are now exhibiting at Exeter Hall. To all who are interested in the actions of Nelson, (and few can be otherwise) they are worth the visit. The first presents the state of the action about half an hour after its commencement, the ships still orderly and fresh, ranged side by side, packed together, pouring the heavy torrents of destruction close into each other's fabric. The Victory looks like the noblest personification of its name, for it is already battered, as though it had drawn to itself the fiercest danger, solely that it might satisfy the desire of power, and have more to conquer. Of all modern fighters Nelson is the one to whose person attaches our greatest sense of heroism. So brave, so

skillful, so eager — with so much sentiment thrown into his actions, he seems most to have emulated the ideal fame of the knights of chivalry, or the early heroes of Greece. His refusal to put on the cloak a little before his death, was quite in the feeling of generous daring. Glory being his mistress, he scorned not to partake her perils. Not merely his pride and interest were in the cause, but his heart and all its passions. Thus, if the importance of the events he brought about as are addition to his fame, his personal character in turn reflects a greater glory upon them, inasmuch as our sympathies are more strongly excited by exalted human nature, than by any political relations.

In naming Trafalgar, we think of Nelson, and more of the man than the victory. This is seldom the case with modern battles, and their colder regulators.

The other picture exhibited, represents the gale after the action, and we land lubbers have a few specimens of sea-signals, and a sample of nature's violence outdoing the human horror. The huge castle-like buildings which are toppling down into the openings of the flood, look as if they would pull into destruction with them the feeble boats, and the noble fellows who have ventured in them for the sake of their enemies.

As works of art the pictures are not without merit, though somewhat flat, and monotonous in colour; particularly the battle.

The musical world is doing little at present. Disappointment is expressed at M. Laporte's commencement of his opera season: but opera seasons are apt to commence poorly. The great singers, like other great visitors, seldom make their appearance till the company has been long assembled. Taglioni, however, the lady of the dance, has been making some charming amends to her department.

Signor Masoni, in spite of his abilities, has not answered the expectations raised by injudicious friends, who announced him as a rival of Paganini. Paganini has no rival — unless, indeed, you could get a whole wood full of nightingales, and hear them in company with the person you loved best in the world. That would beat even him.

A valuable addition has been made to the list of our vocalists, in the person of Miss Clara Novello, a young lady of very great promise, and already of uncommon performance. Her pretty Christian name has been well bestowed; for she is of a very clear, correct, and pure order of singers; and, if we mistake not, has a great deal of feeling underneath it all, which, we hope, will be allowed to develop itself freely as she advances.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

NO. I.

MR. BARNARD AND THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

[We purpose, under the above head to give, from time to time, a series of those extraordinary real circumstances often found in the history of private individuals, which have been said to shew truth in a stronger light than fiction. We shall abridge, enlarge, or copy them from our authorities, as the case may render expedient, with such notes or verbal alterations (facts being scrupulously adhered to), as may serve at once to fit them the better for present perusal, and to appropriate them to our publication. The following is not one of the most romantic in its results, nor in the raw-head-and-bloody-bone nature of the circumstances; but the extreme every-day look of the air of it, united with its real strangeness, appears to us to give it an interest of a sort at once natural and peculiar. Barnard's first two letters would have been no disgrace to Junius.]

William Barnard was the son of a surveyor (some say a coachmaker,) in Westminster, of good character, and apparently easy in his circumstances, in whose life nothing peculiar happened till he was charged with a crime, singular, from the mode in which it was executed, and remarkable, because there appeared no urgent motive for inducing him to risk his life in so rash and unjustifiable an enterprise.

In the year 1758, a letter was found under the door

of the Office of Ordnance, directed in a hand imitating print, "To His Grace the Duke of Marlborough,"* who, at that time, was Master-General, and much surprised at reading the following contents: —

"MY LORD,

"As ceremony is an idle thing upon most occasions, more especially to persons in my state of mind, I shall proceed immediately to acquaint you with the motive and end of addressing this epistle to you, which is equally interesting to us both. You are to know then, my present situation in life is such, that I would prefer annihilation to a continuance in it. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and you are the man I have pitched upon either to make me, or to unmake yourself. As I never had the honour to live among the great, the tenor of my proposals will not be very courtly; but let that be an argument to enforce the belief of what I am now going to write.

It has employed my invention for some time to find out a method to destroy another without exposing my own life; that I have accomplished, and defy the law. Now for the application of it. I am desperate, and must be provided for; you have it in your power; it is my business to make it your inclination to serve me, which you must determine to comply with by procuring me a genteel support for life, or your own will be at a period before this session of parliament is over.

"I have more motives than one for singling you out first on this occasion, and I give you this fair warning, because the means I shall make use of are too fatal to be eluded by the power of physic.

"If you think this of any consequence, you will not fail to meet the author on Sunday next, at ten in the morning, or on Monday, (if the weather should be rainy on Sunday,) near the first tree beyond the style in Hyde Park, in the foot-walk to Kensington. Secrecy and compliance may preserve you from a double danger of this sort, as there is a certain part of the world where your death has more than been wished for on other motives.

"I know the world too well to trust this secret in any breast but my own. A few days determine me to your friend or enemy.

FELTON."

"You will apprehend that I mean you should be alone, and depend upon it, that a discovery of any artifice in this affair will be fatal to you. My safety is ensured by my silence, for confession only condemns me."

The duke went to the spot at the time appointed, having previously desired a friend to observe at a distance what passed.

He waited near half an hour, and seeing no one he could suspect to be the person, turned his horse and rode towards Piccadilly; but after proceeding a few paces, he looked back, and saw a man leaning over a bridge, which is within twenty yards of the tree mentioned in the letter; he then rode gently towards the person, and passed him once or twice, expecting that he would speak; but as he still remained silent, his Grace bowed, and asked him if he had not something to say to him; but he answered, "No, I don't know you." The Duke, after telling him who he was, said, "Now you know who I am, I suppose you have something to say to me."

On the stranger's replying "I have not," his Grace directly rode out of the park.

A few days after, a second letter to the following purport was sent to the Duke, in the same handwriting, and conveyed under the door as the former one.

"MY LORD,

"You receive this as an acknowledgment of your punctuality, as to the time and place of meeting on Sunday last, though it was owing to you that it answered no purpose. The pageantry of being armed, and the ensign of your order were useless and too conspicuous: you needed no attendant; the place was not calculated for mischief, nor was any intended. If you walk in the west aisle of Westminster Abbey towards eleven o'clock on Sunday next, your sagacity will point out the person whom you will address by asking his company to take a turn or two with you. You will not fail, on inquiry, to be acquainted with his name and place of abode, according to which directions you will please to send two or three hundred pound bank notes the next day by the penny post. Exert not your curiosity too early; it is in your power to make me grateful on certain terms. I have friends who are faithful, but they do not bark before they bite.—I am, &c.

F."

The Duke had repaired to Hyde Park no otherwise drest than persons of quality generally are; the only part of the insignia of the order of the garter being the star by his side; and the pistol holsters before were the common horse furniture of a military officer high in command. He was naturally alarmed on receiving the second letter, and consulted his friend; when after

* The late Duke, who died in 1817. He had, at the time of this letter, just succeeded to the title.

sending for the late Sir John Fielding, it was determined that his Grace should go to Westminster Abbey; two or three constables being ordered to attend in sight, as if walking to see the monuments, and directed to take up any suspected person on the Duke's making a signal. He had not been in the Abbey more than five minutes, when the person he had before spoken to in Hyde Park came in, accompanied by a good-looking decent man, and they both walked towards the choir and then parted. The person whom the Duke had before seen, and who afterwards proved to be Mr. William Barnard, loitered about, looking at the inscriptions, and occasionally fixing his eyes on his Grace, who stood for a few minutes pretty near him, to see if he would speak first; but this not being the case, he at last said to Mr. Barnard, "Have you any thing to say to me, Sir?" to which he replied, "No, my lord, I have not." Surely you have?" replied the Duke; — but he still said, "No, my lord."

Mr. Barnard then walked up and down on one side of the aisle, and his Grace on the other, for six or seven minutes, without any conversation passing between them; when the Duke of Marlborough quitted the Abbey at the great door. Nothing particular occurred further at this time; only it was observed by one of the persons appointed to watch, that Mr. Barnard placed himself behind one of the pillars as he went out, and looked eagerly after him.

The Duke, with a laudable caution, which did him credit, was still unwilling to have him secured, lest he might injure an innocent man. A third letter was, however, received a few days afterwards, which, on comparing the directions, was evidently the production of the same person who had written the first. It was as follows:

"MY LORD,

"I am fully convinced you had a companion on Sunday. I interpret it as owing to the weakness of human nature; but such proceeding is far from being ingenuous, and may produce bad effects; whilst it is impossible to answer the end proposed. You will see me again soon, as it were by accident, and may easily find where I go to. In consequence of which, by being sent to, I shall wait on your Grace, but expect to be quite alone, and to converse in whispers. You will likewise give your honour, on meeting, that no part of the conversation shall transpire. These, and the former terms complied with, ensure your safety: my revenge, in case of non-compliance, or any scheme to expose me, will be slower, but not less sure; and strong suspicion, the utmost that can possibly ensue upon it; while the chances would be tenfold against you. You will possibly be in doubt after the meeting; but it is quite necessary the outside should be a masque to the in. The family of the Bloods is not extinct, though they are not in my scheme."

It was more than two months before the Duke heard anything further of this extraordinary correspondent, when he was surprised by receiving the under-written letter by the penny-post, in a mean hand, but not in imitation of print like the other.

"To His Grace the Duke of Marlborough.

"May it please your Grace,

"I have reason to believe that the son of one Barnard, a surveyor, in Abingdon Buildings, Westminster, is acquainted with some secrets that nearly concern your safety; his father is now out of town, which will give you an opportunity of questioning him more privately.

"It would be useless to your grace, as well as dangerous to me to appear more publicly in this affair.

"Your sincere friend,—Anonymous."

"He frequently goes to Story's-gate Coffee House."

In the course of the week a messenger was sent to the coffee house who met Mr. Barnard there. He appeared much surprised when told that the Duke of Marlborough wished to speak with him, and said, "It is very odd, for the Duke addressed himself to me sometime ago in Hyde Park, though I never saw him before in my life?" A day or two afterwards, according to appointment, he came to Marlborough House.

As soon as he made his appearance the Duke immediately recognized the face of the same person, whom he had before seen at Hyde Park and at Westminster Abbey. On asking him, as before, "If he had anything to say?" he replied, "I have nothing to say."

The several letters and circumstances were then recapitulated by his Grace, particularly the last, which mentioned Mr. Barnard's knowing something that nearly concerned his safety. To these points he only replied, "I know nothing of the matter." The Duke then observed that the writer of the letters in question appeared to be a man of abilities and education; and lamented that he should be guilty of so mean an action."

"It is possible to be very poor and very learned," was

his remarkable answer. On the duke's saying, there must be something very odd in the man, Barnard answered, "I imagine he must be mad." "He seems surprised that I should have pistols," his Grace continued, to which he made answer, "I was surprised to see your Grace with pistols, and your star on." "Why were you surprised at that?" "It was so cold a day, I wondered you had not your great coat on," was his reply after a little hesitation.—On reading that part of the letter to him, which mentioned his father's being out of town, he remarked, "It is very odd; my father was then out of town."—This last circumstance struck the Duke more particularly, as the letter had no date. Before they parted, his Grace concluded with saying, "If you are innocent, it becomes you, much more than me, to find out the author of these letters, as it is an attempt to blast your character." Barnard then smiled, and took his leave.

On the strength of these circumstances, it was soon after thought proper to take him into custody. He was indicted, tried on the Black Act, at the Session House, in the Old Bailey, in May, 1758, and after a long and patient investigation, of the circumstances, equally honourable to the candour and humanity of the Duke, and to the impartiality of the judges and jury, acquitted.—It appeared in favour of the prisoner, corroborated by respectable evidence, that, on the day he met the Duke in Hyde Park, he had been sent by his father on business to Kensington. As to his being in the Abbey, a Mr. Greenwood, a person of credit, who, as is before observed, was seen with him there, proved that, contrary to Mr. Barnard's wish he had, with some difficulty, persuaded him to walk with him from Abingdon Buildings to the Park, that morning: that they were going thither without passing through the abbey, but Greenwood recollecting a new monument he had not seen, insisted on his going that way.

Many persons of fortune and reputation appeared: some of whom had dined with him at Kensington on the day above mentioned. These, with many others, had repeatedly heard Mr. Barnard speak with wonder of having twice met the Duke of Marlborough, and the circumstance of his Grace speaking to him being very singular.

They all united in the most ample testimonies of his regularity, sobriety, and pecuniary credit, and his being in the habit of daily receiving considerable sums.

Our authority for the above curious story informs us, that certain circumstances afterwards occurred, particularly a transaction with an East India director, which rendered the guilt of Barnard highly probable. The circumstances are puzzling; but we believe him to have been the man, particularly as he was so brief in his replies, and showed no anxiety to bring the offender to light. A clever man, such as he evidently was, could easily have contrived to make Greenwood appear to have originated the wish to go into the abbey, and even to have made him do so: and as to the inconsistency of the rest of his conduct, there is no end to such inconsistencies in men as at present educated. Barnard might even have been conscious of a touch of the madness, which he attributed to the anonymous person, and which his questions and his strange smile not a little resemble. At the same time it is, perhaps, not unlikely that he had accomplices; that either of them was prepared to come forward, as the case might require; and yet that neither would stir more in it, if unsuccessful, than their knowledge of each other's secrets would render advisable.

CLEONE.

THE NEW NOVEL. AN ENTIRE ABSTRACT.

THIS tale opens with the year 1810 during the assizes at Lancaster, where the hero, Sidney Mountwarren, a briefs barrister, is introduced to us. He is described as exhibiting by his general demeanour, the appearance of one who entertains a proud yet inoffensive consciousness of his own power, together with a disdainful sense of the neglect and privations which merit is ever fated to endure. While he is standing amid the crowd, musing upon his fortune, he excites the observation of an elderly person in the court, who, through a natural sympathy with the pensive melancholy of the young barrister, conceives a strong desire to effect a nearer acquaintance with him. The accident of a fall on the part of the old man, as he approaches Mountwarren, facilitates this object by eliciting the polite assistance of the latter, and the conversation begun with the common-places of good breeding, is continued in the language of friendly feeling. Mountwarren finds in his

new acquaintance a person of singular good humour and affability: his name is Festus Felix Connor, of whom we are told that his blood "was a compound of Irish and Italian," so that the real place of his nativity is left to surmise, though the Sister Isle, upon the whole, seems to possess the best claim. The interrogations of a personal kind which naturally arise in the early stage of this acquaintance, gave occasion to many national reflections, amongst which the following is deserving of notice.

"Were I a North Briton," says Mountwarren, "I should not stand alone as I do. He, no more than a freemason, can remain unsupported among brethren. The claim of common country is stronger with the Scot than the claim of common blood with us. England is sometimes called the stranger's home—it is a pity she leaves so many of her own children shelterless."

This is so true, that the defect reflected upon is one of the most unfortunate from which we Englishmen suffer.—An animated dialogue ensues which affords our authoress the opportunity of developing many features of her amiable philosophy.

Festus Felix Connor, though having, according to his own showing, long since lost the literal title to his two first names, is yet one upon whom the hand of misfortune is incapable of leaving any sensible imprint, and he not only practices the philosophy of contentment successfully in his own case, but is obviously bent upon disseminating the principles of so admirable an art; and impresses his doctrine so well upon the mind of his new pupil, that before the conclusion of their journey Mountwarren is made sensible of the impropriety of the gloomy dissatisfaction he had hitherto permitted to cloud his thoughts and looks.

They arrive upon the banks of Windermere, in which beautiful situation is found the home of Felix Connor. Here the reader is introduced to two other characters the twin children of Connor, Cleone the daughter, the heroine of the story, and her brother Leon a blind child of peculiar intelligence and singularly affectionate disposition. The beauty of Cleone does not fail to make impression on the susceptible heart of the young traveller, whilst the extreme simplicity and unaffected manners of the family excite in him feelings of growing esteem. A Dutch footman and his wife conclude the list, without adding to its attractions. Mountwarren takes up his abode for the night with his hospitable entertainer, who is neither sparing of his cheer nor his philosophy, and both guest and host retire upon the most agreeable terms with themselves and with one another. Upon the day following, in the course of a walk with Felix Connor, Mountwarren accidentally encounters two gentlemen and a lady on horseback whom he immediately recognises as his old friends and former neighbours, the Arfleurs. Sir Edward Arfleur is described as a gentleman of the old school, hearty and well meaning but of no very enlarged views. Frank Arfleur, the son, is a person introduced for so little purpose, and then so suddenly dismissed, as to render it a pity that he should have been called into existence at all; but Rosina his sister, the spiritual Rosina, is a character of more importance. This interview, which is as short as it was unexpected, admits us to a knowledge of some mutual sentiments of the tender kind which formerly existed in the breasts of Rosina and Mountwarren, but which a long cessation of intercourse had interrupted. The love for Cleone, however, having all the force of a new passion in its favour, predominates, and in a visit which our hero pays at the house of Sir Edward Arfleur, he makes no scruple of unfolding to Rosina the state of his affections; an avowal, which is received by her with a composure very creditable to her understanding, but perhaps somewhat disparaging to her sensibility. From the description which Mountwarren gives of his new friends the Connors, Rosina conceives a strong desire to cultivate their acquaintance, a desire which she ultimately succeeds in gratifying, though at first strenuously opposed by her father, who with all the peremptory philosophy of a country squire associates nothing but disaffection and disloyalty with the known independence of Connor, and in answer to Mountwarren's encomiums upon his friend's natural nobility, talks of "levelling principles," and of "standing by the institutions of one's country," &c. But the principal objection entertained by Sir Edward Arfleur, no doubt, is the inequality of fortune between the two families. This "icy barrier" it is for the liberal minded Rosina to dissolve by her free and open address. She visits the Connors, finds in them all the excellent and interesting qualities she has been led to expect, and above all experiences a deep sympathy for the case of the poor blind Leon. If sympathy is akin to love, so is gratitude, and to the heart of the unfortunate sufferer, feelings, arising from this evidence of a regard so new to him in a stranger, are communicated, which rapidly passing over the stages that lie between kindness and passion, convert him from the humble object of Rosina's pity to the ardent candidate for her love. Far from meeting the repulses of prudery or the coquet's heartless indifference, Leon's fate reserves him for the rare happiness of an immediate and complete reciprocity of affection, and though the lovers separate at this period of their history, it is with that mutual declaration which softens the pains of absence.

The Arfleurs' return home into Gloucestershire, and Mountwarren's departure from the lakes, takes place immediately afterwards. An erroneous impression in the breast of the tender Cleone, from which much of the interest of the story depends, takes its rise from this

circumstance. Mountwarren's deliberations upon the prospects of his life conduct him to this resolution, viz to repair to London forthwith, in the hope of propitiating Fortune by well-directed exertions in his profession, so long supinely neglected by him, and with the further purpose of soliciting the assistance of his mother, a widow, who, together with his two sisters, is residing at Boulogne; then to return to Cleone on the wings of love, and ask her to share his fortune and his heart. How these schemes come to be concealed from the knowledge of her whom they most concern, it is not easy to suppose. It is a reservation, as it appears to us, more remarkable for its accommodation to the exigencies of the plot than for its consistency with probability. Cleone, in her ignorance of the intentions of Mountwarren, attributes his hasty departure to an impatience of the separation from Rosina Arfleur, whom she imagines him to regard with feelings of love, and to be now bent on pursuing. Her own feelings as those of the most poignant grief, which, the moment Mountwarren has left her, is vented in floods of tears. The following pretty passage occurs in this place, and may convey some idea of the pleasing style in which these volumes are written.

"There is no pang like that of unrequited love—many vulnerable portions of our nature are wounded by it; even pride, ever prompt at the call of offended self-love, brings but late relief, and comes rather to repair than to avert it; while memory, like a very amanuensis, picks up sundry little reliques that were better left to be buried with subverted hopes."

A few days subsequent to the departure of the Arfleurs and Mountwarren, an event transpires which alters the whole aspect of things. Intelligence of the failure of a bank in which was invested the moderate capital upon which Felix Connor maintained his little household, comes upon them like a death-blow, and beggars stares them in the face. The old man's philosophy is now brought to the test, and is happily found to be of no spurious growth; he bears his reverse like a stoic, or, which is better, like a man, and has the happiness to find his children not behind him in all the qualities that can adorn adversity. They relinquish their home and proceed to London, a movement rendered desirable by the complete state of a treatise on the "Philosophy of Happiness" which Mr. Connor, the author, purposes to submit to a London publisher. Vandorf, the Dutch servant, not sorry to separate from his spouse, accompanies the expedition. Mr. Connor having taken up his residence at Islington, loses no time in seeking Mountwarren. The latter, however, has left his chamber, and is reported to have passed over to France, and Connor's inquiries can elicit nothing more satisfactory. The next object which occupies his mind is the sale of his treatise, and for this purpose he proceeds to various publishers, with whom the description of his interview presents no novelty, for the reason that it only describes disappointment and disgust. At length a bookseller of daring benevolence, goes the length of expressing his consent to see it. The expectation revived in the mind of Connor upon this hint, causes our authoress to exclaim, feelingly, "How little soothes the buoyant spirit of genius; and yet the world is so unwilling to yield that little!"

The wished for object is at last attained, and proof sheets and printer's devils come to gladden the heart of poor Connor. Anxiety, however, had enfeebled the old man, and he suffers a tedious illness. During her father's confinement, Cleone has to act upon her responsibility, and her management of the household affairs, under the combined disadvantages of inexperienced youth and overwhelming poverty, exhibit her in a point of view at once delightful and painful. In the meantime Leon, being able to contrive no other means of contributing to his sister's exertions, decides upon playing the savoyard. Disguised, with Vandorf for his treasurer, he allows himself to be conducted to the different squares, and there by his singing, an art in which he is represented as skilful, he succeeds in collecting something towards his father's subsistence. In the course of one of these peregrinations, having halted opposite to a handsome house, he hears a voice on the steps which he immediately recognized as that of Rosina Arfleur. She is leaving the house; Leon entreats Vandorf to lead him in pursuit of her, that they may discover, if possible, the place where she is sojourning. They miss her, however, and Leon returns home under the influence of the most agonizing feelings. His evident sufferings excite the anxious curiosity of his father and sister; and, after much fruitless entreaty Cleone alone is successful in drawing the secret from him. The manner in which this is brought about, as well as the remarks which introduce the dialogue, deserve the utmost praise for delicacy of thought and feeling.

Cleone, with her own desire and her father's consent, now seeks a situation as governess. The scene with Mrs. Hawkins, the advertiser, and her five daughters, is so natural and so well sustained, that we are sorry our limits forbid its insertion. The following passage, however, is short, and happily describes this elegant family.

"In the masquerade of life, gravity is the garb in which imbecility loves to array itself; and it may generally be remarked, that those who have least in their own heads are most ready to shake them at others."

"Mrs. Hawkins's five daughters, destined, probably, in after life, to luxuriate, like herself, into rotundity of form, were singularly spare, with shrewd severe faces. Already the frequent frown had antedated their brows the character of age by the agency of unkindness, was

marked upon them. Seated around their massive mother, they might not unaptly be compared to the slices of lemon that garnish a fillet of veal, and they appeared to have quite pungency enough to relieve all her insipidity."

The insatiable god of law now demands a sacrifice, and poor Connor is offered up a victim; in other words, he is committed to the Fleet prison for his inability to meet a bill for fifty pounds.

Another situation presents itself to Cleone, which she ultimately accepts. Miss Fitzclinton, an old maid, of unpolished but friendly manners, has a niece of delicate health for whom she has sought the advantages of a companion. Cleone is approved of, and enters upon her engagement; the circumstance of her father's situation being concealed from the knowledge of the family. The accident of a serious illness suffered by her charge, Emily Fitzclinton, from which she is recovered principally through the assiduous care of Cleone, serves to form the commencement of a lasting friendship between them.

In the mean time Fate is busily preparing a total revolution in the current of events. Miss Fitzclinton has a brother, whose character is best learnt from circumstances that remain to be told, of gentlemanly and rather handsome exterior, who, smitten with the charms of Cleone, declares his love to her and offers her marriage. Cleone may be supposed not to have forgotten the high-minded Mountwarren, but the persuasion that he has long since ceased to think of her prevents that absolute feeling of repugnance to the advances of a new suitor which she might otherwise have experienced. The power which the accession of fortune would immediately give her of rescuing her father from the horrors of a jail, finally determines her course. It turns out that Fitzclinton is the holder of the very bill on account of which Connor lies in prison. He ascertains this, and seizing it as a happy auxiliary to his wishes, obtains her father's immediate liberation. Thus circumstances conspire to his object, and he is made happy by the hand of the fair Cleone.

"Needles and pins, needles and pins!"

When a man's married his sorrow begins!"

So goes on an old song; but the whole of the sequel of this story goes to prove a very different case; that is, that the sorrow is at least as liable to fall to the women's share as the man's, and the "needles and pins" quite as capable of wounding her as him. And God knows how true this is: but men hitherto have had the making of proverbs to themselves. Women begin to make them now. Shortly after the marriage, Cleone's father receives some intelligence which induces him to remove to Ireland, whither Cleone accompanies him. This is soon followed by another removal. Mr. Fitzclinton, having a small estate left him in the Isle of Man, resolved to occupy it himself with a view to increasing the value of it by certain improvements in agriculture etc.; a sort of work which seems to be set apart by the common consent of our writers of fiction, as the peculiar province and only fitting employment of men of slender wits. In spite of all entreaties, hither Mr. Fitzclinton conducts his bride; the parting scene is rendered notable by a squabble between the bridegroom and his sister, in which the stupidity of the former and the vulgarity of the latter contend for a pre-eminence of disgust. Arrived in the "lonely Isle," poor Cleone begins to be sensible that she does not love her husband, and he begins to feel that he has a wife whose highly-cultivated mind is bringing out his native dulness into an unenviable conspicuously. He has one of those cold, stagnant, muddy temperaments, into which none but gross material feelings are able to enter. He is selfish and parsimonious, yet contributes to the contents of poor-boxes; without a spark of natural benevolence, yet passes for, and, in a worldly sense is, a good brother, father, &c.; unwarmed by a charitable feeling, yet a strict churchgoer; and, in short, while he disgusts all feeling minds by the absence of every quality that can endear and every virtue that can win esteem, he punctually performs all the literal duties of life. His notions of the past, which a woman, especially a wife, is called upon to enact, are such as may be expected. Solemn, austere, formal himself, he regards every demonstration of cheerfulness in his wife as an exhibition of folly and indecorum; her fervent and enthusiastic conversation he listens to with contempt; her unbounded affection towards her offspring he looks upon as a token of indifference to himself. He looks upon marriage as an official contract, and the stipulated obedience is the chief item in the bond, the fulfilment of which he seeks to exact by a strictness of manner and unbecoming austerity equivalent to the powers of attorney. We cannot conclude this description better than in the words of Mrs. Grimstone herself, for let us own, though we differ with her in some points, we agree with her in her stony detestation of what are called "matter-of-fact men" who, as far as regards their confined notions on that point, and their sacrifice of all the highest forms of truth to its least and most unfeeling, should rather, to use the phrase of a friend of ours, be called "matter-of-fact men," in the guise of truth-tellers.

Such a character (the character of Cleone) can never be judged justly by the mere matter of fact man, whose imagination is as measured as his judgment—who would take his rule and compass to the lightning, and weigh ether by avoirdupoise—who (if we adopt the fanciful notion of Prior, that the soul enters at the feet, and so progresses, till it finally makes its exit from the head) never felt his soul get beyond his stomach,

where food gives it sufficient excitement, and digestion sufficient employment. This, concludes our authoress, with an equivoque, which may perhaps a little startle some good readers, "is rather a material view of a very immaterial matter."

The story now returns to Mountwarren. He upon arriving in London, had received a summons to hasten to Boulogne, where his sister Blanche was represented as dying. He arrived a day too late—she was dead. To add to his affliction, he finds his mother on the verge of insanity; that verge is soon passed, and Mrs. Mountwarren's remains, before many days, followed her daughter's to the grave. Nor do Sydney's misfortunes terminate here; on the night of his mother's death, his sister Clara elopes with a coxcomb named the Honourable Alfred Sutherland, who, deceived by report, fancies he has won a rich heiress, whilst he is only marrying a gentle confiding girl, who brings him nothing but that which he is incapable of appreciating—a warm and affectionate heart. The baseness of the Honourable Alfred, who is said to have only "kneut a slave in order to rise a tyrant," is throughout well pourtrayed, for Mrs. Grimstone, it appears, never fails where the worthlessness of the male creation is to be set forth. The defect of education which the case of Clara is designed to display, is also very admirably treated, and affords an interesting and instructive episode. Dr. Leux, the Scotch physician, with his sarcasms appears to be a very impudent person; he remains but a short time upon the stage, but we see him leave it without the least emotions of regret. Rosina Ardeur is found at this period at Boulogne, and her encounter there with Mountwarren seems to be contrived on purpose to supply the means of dialogue, unhappily brought to an end by the several exits, from death or other causes, of the other interlocutors.

Cleone has now a child of two years of age to enliven the solitude of her life. But as new teeth displace the old, so is the new-born generation destined to supplant their sires. Cleone seemed scarcely to have become familiarised to the blessing of a mother's possession than she lost that which was not less dear to her.

Her father dies, and the communication is made to her by her husband in a manner and under circumstances in which no little aggravate the odiousness of his character. At the same moment she receives this news, an accident happens, involving consequences both of a painful and a pleasurable nature. Little Connor, as he is called, is reported to be missing, and after the most diligent search carried on by father, mother, and the whole household, he is still not to be found. In wild distraction Cleone breaks away and ranges amongst the hills without knowing whether she is carried, till exhausted and having sunk down under her load of affliction, she hears a voice gently exclaiming, "But I want you to tell me your name"—The reply "Mamma's Connor," proceeds from her child. In a moment she is on the spot, seizes her boy in her arms, and discovers its saviour to be—Mountwarren. He was on a shooting excursion and had fallen in with the little wanderer. All the communication respecting one another which they require to exchange, in order to be upon footing with the reader, is rapidly made, and Mountwarren returns with Cleone to the house.

In the period which transpired before the return of Mr. Fitzclinton, much interesting conversation takes place between the two, which sufficiently indicates that Mountwarren's love for her, who is now the wife of another, is nowise abated. To what length it might go, if unpressed, we are left to conjecture, but Cleone's propriety never forsook her. The meetings between Mr. Fitzclinton are marked by coldness and formality. The monotony of Cleone's life is now still further qualified by an event, not less agreeable than the last, which is the unexpected arrival of her brother Leon, who, on the death of his father had set out upon a melancholy pilgrimage, at length compensated by the pleasure of once more finding himself in his sister's presence. The arrivals multiply. Sir Edward Ardeur and his daughter are reported; they are on a visit to a Colonel Clifford. News of still more importance is, that through their interest Mountwarren has obtained an appointment in Van Diemens Land. Leon consents to accompany him on the expedition, and all preparations are made. But before their departure another event, which has been secretly winning its way to maturity, takes place, which makes an agreeable addition to the number of the emigrants. The nuptials of Leon and Rosina Ardeur are celebrated with great rejoicings in spite of the malediction which Sir Edward pronounces in the rage into which he is thrown by his daughter's choice. Colonel Clifford and Miss Somerton, Rosina's Aunt, fill so small a space on the canvass in this portion of the picture as to require no individual notice.

After the departure of Mountwarren with Leon and his bride, for Hobart Town, Cleone is again thrown into her former state of hopeless solitude, her husband's cold indifference leaving her without a gleam of that social happiness which every home ought to yield. Her children were now the only objects of her affection. They were three in number, little Connor, now seven years of age, having a brother and sister younger than himself.

They were one day sporting out of doors, accompanied by their mother, when the dog Sid, so called from Sydney Mountwarren, comes bounding towards them, dripping with water, and apparently solicits them to follow him. They did so, and on the banks of a rivulet in the neighbourhood they discover a poor woman and her child whom it appears he has just succeeded in rescuing from the water. They are taken home, and the poor

woman, who is dying, discovers, on her deathbed, that she is no other than the once gay and beautiful Clara Mountwarren, who having been cruelly treated by her husband, the coxcomb before mentioned, upon his discovery of her want of fortune, had at last been forced to leave him, and ever since had wandered in poverty and wretchedness, till, rendered desperate, she had sought to put an end at once to her own existence and her child's. Cleone, after the death of this unfortunate victim of inhumanity, conceiving a strong obligation, determined upon adopting the little girl, and bringing her up together with her own children. This resolution is obstinately opposed by her uncharitable husband, and thence ensues a breach which hastens the conclusion. For Mr. Fitzclinton, without alleging any motive, suddenly breaks up his establishment in the Isle of Man, and transports the whole family to London, where they find themselves lodged in a mean-looking house in an obscure part of the town. Upon inquiry, she is informed that this change has been adopted in consequence of her refusal to part with her adopted child Blanche; and the only alternative now offered is to relinquish that child or her own, for either the one or the other are to be taken from her. After this exhibition of the tyranny of man, Cleone is sitting in her solitary parlour lost in grief and despair, when a piece of news is communicated to her which, however terrible in itself, can scarcely be supposed to convey any permanent affliction to her mind, but rather to relieve it from the whole load of its misery. Her husband, that but a moment before had stood before her in the character of an unfeeling despot, lies in the house a corpse. He had tumbled from the top to the bottom of the staircase. Shortly after the death of Fitzclinton his will is discovered, which may rather be called his *ill-will*, for it is found to contain this proviso:—that upon Cleone's separating herself from her children, the property should descend to them; but if she refused to do so, then it was to pass away to the children of his two brothers, Carter and Clarke, herself being only allowed an annuity of sixty pounds a year.

Cleone's indignant protest against this will, and her determination to bring the matter before the Court of Chancery, find a supporter in the person of the maiden sister of the deceased, Miss Fitzclinton, who, with her niece Emily, here make their re-appearance. The day arrives for bringing the case into Court, and Cleone herself attends in mourning. The counsel opposed to her has concluded his oration, and his respondent is now looked for, but it is reported, that a sudden indisposition has attacked him. The Court adjourns. It re-assembles; but Cleone has not the strength to return in person; she is however informed that her cause is being powerfully pleaded by her counsel, and this is presently succeeded by the electrifying intelligence that decision is pronounced, and pronounced in her favour. —It may be remarked, that this is the shortest Chancery suit that ever was recorded, and may be considered one of the most powerful creations of Mrs. Grimstone's imagination.—"Here," cries Miss Fitzclinton, "comes the saviour of your cause." Cleone turns her eyes and they meet—Mountwarren!—Hearing from England of the death of Fitzclinton, he had forthwith recrossed the seas; no sooner had he reached the country than he learnt of the pending case; his counsel was one of his acquaintances; he seized the opportunity, which the other did not withhold, and, before the Court pleaded the cause of his dear Cleone with all the eloquence that love brought to his command. Having gained the suit at law, it may hardly be necessary to add that he gained that of love soon after, and the re-union of the families in one common circle of happiness and unclouded enjoyment, in no more than the reader may have foreseen, or poetical justice demands.

Such are the materials that compose the story of Cleone; it is written, throughout, in an excellent style, and with a laudable spirit, and only with such defects as, were it not our duty to admit, it would be our pleasure to conceal. As a didactic tale, it is good; as a novel, it is deficient. It is not recommended by any ingenuity of plot, nor is the plot which it has conducted with much nicety. All the smaller probabilities, which make up the effect of a good novel, are little regarded. Nor is there, with little exception, any nice discrimination of character preserved. Picturesqueness, fancy, incident, are all wanting, and, of course, interest in proportion. The chief beauties are a deep sympathy with human suffering, and especially with those of the female kind. The mother, the sister, the wife, are painted with great fidelity and feeling, and all that has reference to children and to education is animated by the best spirit. The story is one: "of married life," and the whole is designed to illustrate the hardships to which women are subjected by the present system of education. To effect a revolution in this system is the great object which Mrs. Grimstone has in view. We do not agree with all her opinions, but with many of them we think that most lovers of fair dealing must heartily sympathize. Much of her work, to use a favourite modern epithet, is truly "sweet;" and we recommend all who can afford it to get it for themselves, and pick out the plums for themselves.

Owing to the early period which an anticipated large sale, and the necessity of an exactness in the time of publication, compels this JOURNAL to go to press, it has been found impossible to wait for the advertisements which have been promised. A few, therefore, have been selected for insertion from other publications, thus preserving uniformity in the first Number, and showing exactly what it is wished that the appearance of this work should be.

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